

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XX.

The following day, LaFitte, accompanied by Pierre and Nato, made a hasty trip to Shell Island, where he found all as he had left it, and received a hearty welcome from all his followers. But when, early in the afternoon, he returned to Grande Terre, it was to a scene of great excitement. An English warship—a brig—was to be seen in the offing, and a boat from it, bearing a white flag, was approaching the island.

LaFitte went himself in a boat to meet the stranger, which—as he saw through a glass—held, besides its crew, two officers in the English naval uniform.

The officers introduced themselves as Capt. Lockyer and McWilliams, of His Majesty's navy, bearers of a message from Col. Nicholls, commander of the forces in Florida, to Capt. Jean LaFitte, "Commandant at Barataria."

"I will take the message, gentlemen," said LaFitte, when they had stated their errand, "as it is not quite possible that you will be permitted to land on the island."

"We cannot do this. Our orders are to see Capt. LaFitte himself, and to place the message in his hands."

"Very well, gentlemen; be it so," replied LaFitte. "But in that case I must insist, for your own welfare, that you go ashore in my boat, leaving your own to lie off the island."

The Englishmen consented to this, and the boats were brought side by side, so that the officers might board the Baratarian craft.

The outlaws, wondering and excited, and with arms ready for use, stood watching the returning boat, wherein the hated English uniforms showed in seeming friendliness with their own fellows and leader. But when LaFitte stepped ashore, he bade them disperse, and motioned his guests to precede him up the pathway leading from the beach.

They lost no time in doing this, scrutinized keenly by the resentful and still puzzled outlaws, who, when the scarlet uniforms disappeared inside the fort with LaFitte, began muttering among themselves as to the meaning of this strange proceeding.

LaFitte, going to a buffet at one end of the room, took from it several cut-glass decanters and glasses, which, to-

gether with a large silver box filled with cigars, he placed upon the table. "Permit me to offer you a glass of wine, or brandy, gentlemen," he said. "Then you may proceed to talk, for I am at your service. I am Jean LaFitte, the 'commandant'—if such I may be called—at Barataria."

Both officers stared at him in undisguised amazement. Then they again looked at one another, but now as if for mutual comfort, while they began to mutter confused apologies.

"Proceed," LaFitte repeated, paying no heed to their discomfiture. "What do you want with me—what can any English colonel have to say to Jean LaFitte of Louisiana that Jean LaFitte can care to hear?"

Leaning back in his chair, he folded his arms, and looked steadily at the two men.

Capt. Lockyer rose, and drawing from the pocket of his coat a sealed package, laid it upon the table, near where LaFitte's arm was resting.

"There," said Capt. Lockyer, resuming his seat, "is a most important communication, entrusted to you by Col. Nicholls, for conveyance to your hands. We have orders to await your answer."

The paper ran as follows: "I have arrived in the Florida for the purpose of annoying the only enemy Great Britain has in the world, as France and England are now friends."

"I call on you, with your brave followers, to enter into the service of Great Britain, in which you shall have the grade of a captain; lands will be given to you, all in proportion to your respective ranks, on peace taking place, and I invite you on the following terms: Your property shall be guaranteed to you, and your persons protected. In return for which I ask you to cease all hostilities against Spain, or the allies of Great Britain; your ships and vessels to be placed under the orders of the commanding officer on this station, until your commander-in-chief's pleasure is known; but I guarantee their value in all events."

"I herewith enclose you a copy of my proclamation to the inhabitants of Louisiana, which will, I think, point out to you the honorable intentions of my government. It may be a useful instrument in forwarding them; there-

fore, if you determine, lose no time."

"Should any inhabitants be inclined to volunteer their services into His Majesty's forces, either naval or military, for limited service, they will be received; and if any British subject, being at Barataria, wishes to return to his native country, he will, on joining His Majesty's service, receive a free pardon."

When he finished reading, which he had done with a rapidity suggestive of carelessness, LaFitte refolded the papers, placed them in their cover, and slipped the package inside his coat.

Capt. Lockyer was the first to speak. "Now, Capt. LaFitte, what have you to say to us, that we may report to Col. Nicholls?"

He spoke cheerfully and confidently, as if there could be no doubt of LaFitte's ready acquiescence in the proposal.

"Do these papers cover the entire matter?" demanded LaFitte, ignoring the question.

"Not altogether," began Capt. McWilliams; then he paused and looked at LaFitte, as if preferring that the latter should explain.

This he did by enlarging upon the manifest and great advantages to result from the "Baratarian commandant" and his followers by acceding to the proposition, entering the service of His Britannic Majesty, and placing all their vessels under the control of the English. He added, with much impressiveness, that, besides the rank of captain in the British navy, he was authorized to promise LaFitte the sum of thirty thousand dollars in gold.

LaFitte, instead of replying, walked to the fireplace, and standing beneath the pictured face of his idol, Napoleon, whose eyes seemed to be regarding the group with cold intelligence, looked down at the two seated men. His hands were clasped behind him, and his eyes held a glitter that was menacing.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I agree with you in saying that the matter is a most important one, for me, as well as for yourselves—so important to me that I cannot decide it as speedily as you seem to expect, but must have a few hours in which to give it proper consideration."

Both officers looked annoyed, and Capt. McWilliams expostulated.

"How can you possibly need to reflect upon a proposal promising so much for you in the way of wealth and position, as against an enemy who has proscribed you, and branded you with infamy? It is very important that we

lose no time in pushing the operations already planned against lower Louisiana. We must act at once; and as soon as we obtain possession here, our army will penetrate into the upper country, to make a junction with our forces from Canada."

"It would appear," said LaFitte, as he threw the remnant of his cigar into the fireplace and took another from the box, "that you count upon no possible failure in your plans."

"Failure?" repeated Capt. Lockyer, his face glowing with confidence. "Indeed, no. Our plan of campaign is perfected, and we are certain of success. Regarding our chances, I will tell you that we expect excellent results from an insurrection of the slaves, to whom we shall offer freedom as the reward for aiding Great Britain."

The cold indifference of LaFitte's face turned to sudden sternness.

"Do you know anything of the negro nature, and how it would show itself under such circumstances?" he demanded, adding, before they could answer him, "I do; and I warn you that what you propose doing would be equivalent to unchaining the demons of hell."

The Englishmen looked uncomfortable; but Lockyer muttered something about "the fortunes of war," and McWilliams said: "But the cruelty of the negroes can add little, after all, to the punishment it has been decided to inflict upon New Orleans. The city is to be given over to fire and pillage."

This announcement, made with something of a dramatic air, did not seem to make the expected impression upon LaFitte; for he passed it by, and said, somewhat impatiently, and with unmistakable decision, "I repeat that I cannot answer you before morning; and such being the case, I must request that you remain here over night."

The two officers had risen, and now stood before him, their faces showing mingled consternation and anger.

"Are we to understand, sir, that this is your decision?" demanded Capt. Lockyer excitedly.

"You are, unless you see fit to give up all further negotiations with me. In case you accept what I suggest," answered LaFitte, "you will send an or-

der for your crew to return to the brig, and to come for you at noon to-morrow."

The tone of quiet authority accompanying the words appeared to leave no alternative for the British officers, who could only nod their assent, evidently deeming it more diplomatic to check the anger showing in their faces.

LaFitte smiled, and moved toward the door.

"Now I must leave you; but I will place you in the care of Scipio, a faithful old servant, who will attend to your comfort."

They bowed stiffly, and he went out, closing the door after him; and the officers heard him lock it, and remove the key.

Scipio soon appeared with a lighted lamp. This he placed upon the table, and, taking notice of those present, proceeded to work, with the result that, in a few minutes, a cheery fire was blazing. And, as the Englishmen drew their chairs to the hearth, the old negro closed and barred the heavy shutters, besides placing for the night an iron bar across the already locked door.

"We seem to be prisoners, rather than guests," remarked Capt. McWilliams, in a tone too guarded for his words to reach the partially deaf ears of Scipio, who was busy at the table.

"It is a cheap price to pay, after all, if it results in bringing him over to us," said Lockyer, in the same low tone. "Those hands of his, and his manner—the whole 'cut of his jib'—suggest the idea of his being quite able to hand a lady her fan with the grace of a courtier; but they also suggest to me, at least, his ability to clutch an enemy by the throat and hurl him over a cliff, or make him walk the plank."

(To be continued.)

GOLD IN THE EAST.

Immense Amount of Precious Metal Waiting for the Miner.

"I believe that from Halifax to Tennessee, in a line winding around through Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, there is going to be a re-valuation of gold mining," said Col. A. B. Russ, of Montgomery county, Md., at the National last week, says the Washington Post. "When the miners went West in 1849 they left this very field I am speaking of, and never that field was explored they came back to a richer field in Colorado, which they had entirely overlooked. After a time they went to Alaska, and just a short time ago rich fields were found in Nevada, from which millions have been extracted. But it seems to be little known that right around this neighborhood of Maryland and Virginia there are rich deposits of the precious metal. I think it would surprise many people to know that not long ago in my county some gold was assayed that yielded \$236 to the ton, while the average was \$8 to \$10. In another place there \$2,000 was dug up in one day, and all this by entirely crude methods. It runs through a vein of quartz some eighty feet down. Near Great Falls seven veins have been opened from three to twenty feet wide. Six Colorado mining capitalists a day or two ago bought 600 acres of land in that locality for the very purpose of exploring this. It is not confined to that locality, either. I have driven in my buggy 600 miles from Maryland down through the Carolinas and have found many places where the same conditions prevail. In South Carolina there are mountains of iron ore that have never been touched. I tell you the mineral resources of the eastern South are unknown."

Berlin at Night.

Berlin is at its best at night, says a traveler. They have discovered the secret of electric lighting, and when people step out from their offices and shops at eight and nine o'clock at night, it is into an enchanted city. The solid palaces, the monstrous statues, the enormous houses and wide spaces of the long and stately streets, are then soft and gracious with a fairy radiance. It is a city not only of prosperity, but of pure delight. The heaviness of the buildings and the rigidity of their lines are blurred and softened. In the clear northern air the million lamps blazing from the walls of houses, shining across the interminable streets, and glowing in a straight line down the whispering avenues, have something of the magic gentleness and sensuous inspiration of an Arabian story. You begin to think Berlin is the greatest city in the world.—Montreal Herald.

Congressman Caught by Old Dodge.

The streak of vanity in the average public man is both wide and deep is well illustrated by a story that Congressman Mahon of Pennsylvania, tells at his own expense. "The day before Christmas," he said, "an old darky up in my home at Chambersburg came in to see me. 'Mar's Mahon,' he said, 'we's got a little baby 'round at our house, and we thinks so much 'o' yo' dat we's done named him Thaddeus Maclay Mahon Murray.' With that he grinned and looked expectant. I was suspicious of graft, but it was Christmas time, so I handed the old chap a ten dollar bill.

"A couple of hours later I encountered the postmaster. He swelled up and said: 'Well, I guess I am getting famous. Just had a baby named after me.' He had hardly finished when another local politician of some note joined us with a remark of the same kind. We compared notes and found that we had all been held up by the same rascal. We decided to investigate and walked around to where the old fellow lived. He was out, but we demanded an explanation of his wife. 'Sho,' she said with a roll of her eyes. 'Dat baby boy 'o' ours am 21 years 'o', and he am called George Washington Murray. I guess my 'o' man jus' needs a little Christmas money.'"

Railway Building in Japan.

During 1902 railway building in Japan on an extension of eleven miles called for the construction of two tunnels, 433 feet and 2,355 feet in length, respectively, and one bridge of 2,069 feet. Another extension of fourteen miles was built last year. This line also required several bridges. Other shorter and temporary lines were built in 1902. The So-bunke bridge, one of these smaller lines, is 2,302 feet long.

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

The Patriot.

His eyes ashine with ancient memories. His blood aglow with subtle racial fire. For him are quenched the stirrings of desire.

The patriot of the world has ceased to bleed: Hushed are the evening songs—the lutes of ease; In the war flame, that old ancestral Pyre.

He casts his hopes of home, wife, child, or sire; Instinct of race, a passion more than these, The spirit of his country, holds him thrall.

In him forgotten heroes, forbears, rise, Strengthening his heart to common sacrifice: Out to the darkness generations call, And martyr blood that hurried fall, Salute him from the void with joyful thrill.

—London Daily News.

Premonition Meant Captivity.

In February, 1865, Gen. John A. Kellogg was placed in command of the brigade and he took me along as his adjutant general, writes Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous, U. S. A. About a week before the closing campaign which ended at Appomattox, a premonition seemed to fasten its ugly fangs into my brain, heart and flesh. It was at my elbow when working or resting; when walking or riding; when reading or writing; when asleep and when awake, and always to torment. Mine was a more mysterious premonition than those which sat by the side of poor Brown, Ticknor, Chapman, King, Durand, and Williams, and pointed to open graves. Theirs were outspoken—told them, and in the most cold-blooded and merciless way, that they were to be killed in battle. My premonition stared me in the face and gave warning of an approaching calamity, but did not deign to reveal the character of the calamity. I was assailed in the dark—did not know what was coming. Pride sealed my lips.

It was the general's first fight in command of a brigade—the brigade had served in the better part of four years—King's, Gibbon's, Bragg's, Robinson's, Morrow's iron brigade of the west. The command was massed, division front, in a piece of woods, out of sight of an enterprising enemy, the forenoon of March 31, when Gen. Kellogg had his officers assembled. "This, without doubt," said he, "is our last campaign. Think of service done and glory won. See to it that in these coming struggles we add to the old brigade's good name."

Sword belts were tightened and each officer seemed to give himself a fresh pulling together.

Up to that moment my tormentor had not left my side, but it then left me as it had come, without seeking permission. Relief? Yes, indeed.

Five minutes later Gen. McGowan's division crossed White Oak road and started in our direction with a yell, and drove in our skirmishers. For an hour and a half the field of Gravelly Run was an extremely lively portion of the Old Dominion. It was a strong division of two large brigades against our three regiment brigade. When McGowan had sent a force to pour lead into our right flank and another to do the same for our left flank, and still held a firm line in our front, it was too much. We had to get back. "Adjutant, order the Ninety-fifth to fall back at once," said the general. I had to ride through a piece of woods where the underbrush was thick. Just as I was approaching the point at which the Ninety-fifth was ten minutes before, my horse fell to his knees. He answered the spur with a couple of leaps and landed me in the center of an advancing line of Confederates, a score of whom demanded a surrender, enforcing the demand with ugly guns carelessly pointed in my direction, some of the barrels within a foot of my body. It was no time to bandy words. As I swung from my horse, he reeled and fell, a bullet hole in his neck explaining why he had fallen to his knees a moment before. Old Charley carried me on a mission to save the Ninety-fifth and then lay down and died, and I was a prisoner.

Pay Day and the Sutler.

"There ain't no joy in the dugout life of the soldiers in Manchuria—no sutlers," said the veteran of the days of '61 as he dangled his feet against the office chair and looked benignly upon the little black-haired and wiry clerk.

"That's what I was thinking," said the clerk. "You know I had some service with the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Indiana in our late burlesque difficulty with Spain, and the blamed old war ended before I had time to put into operation one of my schemes to lay the foundation for a fortune."

"No Muscovite, and no little yellow man, either, for that matter, can know the true joy that came to the federal soldiers when I was a fighter," continued the speaker. "Was it the victory at Gettysburg, the splendor of Phil Sheridan's timely turning of the rout at Winchester, the end of the terrible Wilderness campaign or the success of the operations about Petersburg in the East or the fall of Vicksburg in the West and the opening of the old Mississippi that made us blue-coats laugh and go to our blankets at night thinking of the dear ones at home? Well, I should say no."

And the pensioner of the civil war, taking a fresh grip on his stock of words, permitting a strange light to come into his eyes, stroked his beard for the fiftieth time and continued:

"It was pay day and the sutler that brought our joy. Never will I forget the sweetness of the hour with the sutler every time I got my pay or succeeded in getting the boys of my company to contribute to my purse via the draw poker route. Corn meal and bacon got an awful hard jolt when those rich moments rolled around. Let's see, there were gherkins all the way from Soho Square, London; nicely done up in green bottles, and with the malt vinegar so 'bity' that more'n one of the fellows used to drain it off to make believe it was rare old brandy. Then there were mince pies—not like mother made, but so mysteriously put up that they gave a suspicion of a tinge of homesickness to the eater; an' spiced onions, pickled watermelon rinds, real 'wilderness

in real lard, mushrooms packed in tins, plum pudding sealed up with red sealing wax—ah, it makes my mouth water now to think of those delicacies.

"Course they cost a mighty pretty penny, but we had to have 'em. Confidently, I think the sutler who followed our brigade was the richest man in the whole army corps. He's in business now in Iowa, I think, running a wholesale grocery house that sells \$2,000,000 worth of goods a season. Many a time I felt as if I'd like the war to last a long time, if the sutlers would hold out. Toward the end, though, the sutlers got to charging ruinous prices and we had to cut out some of the tidbits."

Met Death Unflinchingly.

The noted Bishop C. C. McCabe, who was an ardent admirer of Gen. Powell, tells the following incident:

"Some time after the close of the war Gen. Sheridan, Bishop McCabe and a number of prominent army men were together, whereupon some one made a remark complimentary to Sheridan. With the modesty characteristic of the man, Gen. Sheridan placed his hand upon Gen. Powell's shoulder and said:

"Gentlemen, the country could have better spared me in the war than this man."

As might be expected, Gen. Powell finally met death as fearlessly as he had faced him a thousand times on the battlefield. While on his deathbed Gen. W. Blackmar, commander in chief of the G. A. R., paid him a visit at his home in Belleville, Ill. Gen. Blackmar had appointed Gen. Powell to a position upon his staff, and he made up his mind to cheer the sick man up a bit.

"You are looking fine," exclaimed Gen. Blackmar. "I shall expect you to serve actively upon my staff."

Gen. Powell smiled and in a cheerful voice replied:

"Thank you, general. I should dearly love to do so. But as I can't serve you on this side, I shall be pleased to do so on the other side should the occasion present."

Virginia and North Carolina.

The department of Virginia and North Carolina has a bronze badge in the shape of a disk, bearing upon either side the seal of one of the two states. This disk depends from the pin by two bronze chains and between

them hangs a miniature peanut. The pin is inscribed "G. A. R., Department of Va. and N. C."

Trouble Over Honor Medals.

The War Department has a nice little row on hand which interests the 2,500 holders of medals of honor. Just as the department was about to issue new medals of honor to replace the old decorations, as provided for by Congress, it was discovered that the design had been patented and turned over to the Medal of Honor Legion. There is great dissatisfaction also because the medal is made of brass, coated over with gold. Altogether, there is so much criticism over the matter that the department has decided to hold up the distribution of the medals pending a proper adjustment.

About two years ago a movement was started by General G. L. Gillespie of the Engineer Corps to authorize the adoption of a new design for a medal of honor to replace all those that had been issued by the government, on the ground that so many organizations had copied the medal of honor badge that it had lost all its significance to the general public, and it was particularly complained that the Grand Army of the Republic had appropriated the pattern.

After considerable delay Congress passed a bill authorizing the change and appropriating money for the manufacture of new medals. General Gillespie was placed in charge of the work of drafting a suitable design, which, with the assistance of a well-known sculptor, was lately completed and adopted. An order was given for the manufacture of the medals, and the owners of the old emblems were called on to surrender them and receive the new ones. Most of the original medal of honor men have complied with the request.

The War Department a few days ago was about to begin the distribution of the new medals, when the discovery was made that General Gillespie had patented the design and was preparing to assign his interests in it to the Medal of Honor Legion.

When these facts became known at the War Department they provoked severe criticism. It is understood a strong protest against the assignment has been made, the question being raised as to the right of an officer of the army doing public work of this sort to patent the same, excepting for the benefit of the government. It is also asked why the legion, a private organization, should have control over the use of this emblem, which is a strictly government decoration.—New York Press.

DAIRY NOTES

Figuring on Good Cows.

I find it exceedingly difficult to induce my neighbors to do any figuring on the advantages of keeping a good cow. The reason for this is that you can't figure without data and data is not based on guess work. I have come to the belief that if a man can be induced to figure he will be soon looking around for good cows. I took one of my cows some time ago and began to keep an account of what she cost to keep and what her products brought me. Then I figured up all the herd together and I found that this cow paid me three times the profit that the average cow of the herd did, and she was not a remarkable cow either. Of course it is not practical for every farmer to keep a double or even a single account with each cow, but it is possible for a man by the help of the Babcock test and the scales to get a pretty good general idea of what a cow is costing to keep and how much she is bringing in. On that basis he can figure on what a good cow is worth. I used to have cows once that did not pay to keep. Every cent that was received for their milk was paid out in one way and another for feed, and we did the milking and took care of them for the fun of the thing. As soon as we discovered the true state of the case we stopped doing that. I suggest that readers of this pick out a good cow and figure on what is coming back from her and then pick out a poor cow and figure the returns from her. It costs about the same to keep either cow.

Warren Wilson.

Union County, Ohio.

Good Cows in Denmark.

The Danes have established a very good system of testing cows and of culling their herds. One cannot cull out the poor cows without knowing which are the poor cows. Societies have been formed for the purpose of employing a man to go among the herds constantly and test the cows. It is reported that at the present time there are over 300 such societies, and they represent more than 250,000 cows. This means that over 300 men are constantly employed in doing the testing. The culling comes as a natural result, as no man will keep a poor cow if he is going to dispose of it. Likewise no man will sell a profitable cow if he is financially able to keep her.

Glazed Butter.

From Germany comes a report of the use of melted sugar on butter to make it keep longer. The hot syrup is applied with a soft brush, and the work has to be done very quickly. Some of the butter is melted anyway, and this goes to form a glazing compound with the sugar. The value of the process is yet to be determined.

Our grandmothers never had to consider the question of thickness of cream. To them it was all one whether the cream was thick or thin. Since the test has been brought into use it is discovered that a cream that contains about 35 per cent of pure butterfat is best for buttermaking. The cream that is only about 25 per cent pure butterfat often develops too much acid and makes poor butter.

In a recent address Professor Pearson told of examining four lots of milk that had been held at temperatures of 45, 50, 55 and 60 degrees for twenty-four hours. They contained the following numbers of bacteria at the end of that time: 445, 3,100, 67,000, and 134,000, the quantities of milk being the same. The bacterial content at the beginning of the twenty-four hours was the same.

Extreme care in keeping milk clean is the basis of good quality in dairy products.

To Save the Forests.

There is said to be a great awakening in the world of lumbering relative to the necessity for taking steps to save the forests. The lumber companies have been the greatest transgressors in the past, if we may believe the words of those that have been to the lumbering camps and have looked over the situation. The work has been carried on in the past with the evident idea that it is necessary to lumber over one region but once; that the supply of trees is great enough to yield all the lumber this generation requires and that the next generation can look after itself.

Now the wise men among the lumber kings are declaring that it is good business to look after the future supply of lumber as well as that of the present day; that we have a duty to perform toward our children; and that this duty can be no longer neglected.

It is interesting to note that several of the large lumbering companies are now co-operating with the government in this work.

Nitrogen.

Nitrogen is a colorless, tasteless, odorless gas, a chemical element. About four-fifths of the air is nitrogen and it is a principal ingredient of flesh, milk, etc. It is useful in agriculture when in a combined state, that is to say, it must be united with other matter, in order as it were to bind it. When in the gaseous state only a few forms of plant life, the legumes or pod-bearing plants, can make use of it. When it is combined with other elements in mineral (nitrate or ammonia) or organic (dead vegetable or animal matter) materials it is more or less available to all plants. It is present in these mineral or organic compounds in amounts varying all the way from a small fraction of 1 per cent to 20 per cent. Nitrogen is used in the fertilizer trade in three forms, as nitrates, as ammonia salts and in organic matter.—Vermont Station.

Some men seem to have no capacity for planning before hand. They do the work of the day in the day and without plan. Now and then much time is lost because of lack of what we call forethought, but which is really lack of planning.

POULTRY

An Oregon Chicken House.

As I promised some time ago I will endeavor to give the readers of the Farmers' Review an idea of the "varmint" proof chicken house constructed by me. As we live in the wild and brushy west, where wildcats, minks, weasels, skunks and coons are as plentiful as rabbits in Australia, we have to protect our poultry or we would have none. This is necessary the more so as the poultry business is second to none in the United States. It is my belief that tight houses and poor water are responsible for the great mortality among fowls every summer.

My building is 12x20 feet in size and I always have from 70 to 120 fowls and have had during the past ten years, and in all that time I have not lost to exceed six grown fowls.

The building stands three feet six inches above the ground; that is, it is that distance from the ground to the floor. The house itself is box-shaped, built of 1x12 lumber, without battens. In summer the cracks open one-fourth inch. These close up in winter. There is a door in the end and a window in the south side.

The entrance for the chickens is on the opposite end from the door. The orifice is made of a tin oil can about 9½ inches square and 14 inches long. You can get this at any paint shop. Cut out the ends and cut a hole in the house the size of the can. One end of the can should be cut diagonally from corner to corner, and each piece bent back at right angles to the can to nail to the wall on the inside of house.

Let the entire length of the can project outside. The entrance should be about three inches above the floor.

On the outside, right opposite the entrance and about four feet away, set a round post, the top of which should be two inches lower than the entrance. On the post put a one-gallon milk pan (an old one will do); put it upside down and nail fast.

From this lay a board of proper length and as wide as will go in the end of the can. Nail board down to the post on top of the pan. In front of entrance and inside building set a board two feet long, 14 inches wide, about 13 inches from entrance. Then take another board of same size and lay on top, nailing one edge to the wall and the other on top of the edge of the other board. This is to prevent the wind from blowing in.

Now if the floor of the building is sufficiently tight not even a rat can get in.

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to say that I am no chicken crank. It is not only the chicken house that has made poultry raising a success with me, but my success is also due to the lady that has prepared the fowls for the table for me for the past fifty years.—David Rubie, Lincoln County, Oregon, in Farmers' Review.

Wild Turkeys.

A good many people do not know that wild turkeys are still in existence in various parts of the country and that their existence in the wild state has a direct bearing on our poultry industry because of the crosses that are frequently made between them and the domesticated varieties. It might be well if the state governments would take measures to keep the wild turkey from extinction. Domestication has its advantages, but it also has its disadvantages.

Wild turkeys have a vigor that the general run of domesticated turkeys do not possess. This is due to their wild life in the open air and their constant dependence on the food they have to hunt or is due to the fact that the battle for the mastery among the male birds still goes on among them as of old. Thus many a male turkey is killed by his stronger and more vigorous rivals. Doubtless this has an important bearing in keeping up the vigor of the stock.

It has been found that by capturing a wild male and mating him with tame females of the Bronze variety progeny of exceptional vigor is produced. If we permit the wild turkey to be put out of existence there will be an end to this improvement in vigor unless breeders are able to put more science into their breeding operations than they have been able to do up to the present time.

It might be a good idea where the wild birds are in proximity to the domesticated turkey flock to let the males fight it out. This has been done sometimes with the result that the domesticated male has given up the ghost and the other has taken possession of the flock.

Now and then the nest of the wild turkey hen is found in the woods and the eggs taken to the henery to be hatched. The pouts that come from such eggs are healthier and harder than those from eggs of the domesticated hen; but care has to be taken to prevent the young birds from resuming the wild habits of their parents.

The Hen in Winter.

Reviewing the difficulty in getting Mrs. Hen to lay eggs it may be said that she eats insectivora so largely in the summer as to suffer severely the loss of a meat diet, especially if in order to live she has to eat corn morning, noon and night. She then simply converts herself into a grease pot wherein neither eggs nor healthy meat can exist. Offal meat—fresh